

FATHER'S DAY / JULY 1954
PRICE 60c

Esquire

MAGAZINE FOR MEN



Catalina Sport Sets

AS SELECTED BY
TOM HARMON

Like a lot of men, Tom Harmon appreciates a chance to wear something smart and different.

"That's why I've selected Catalina's 'The Cruise', an all-around-looking sport set as priced at \$115.00.

Like all Catalina sweaters, the set fits easily, wears well and looks bold and masculine.

For more of personal style, visit the Catalina store in New York, New York, or write to Catalina, Inc., 100 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.



"The Cruise" short-sleeved shirt, \$35.00. Also available in long-sleeved, \$45.00.



"The Cruise" short-sleeved shirt, \$35.00. Also available in long-sleeved, \$45.00.



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"The Cruise" short-sleeved shirt, \$35.00. Also available in long-sleeved, \$45.00.



See page 45 for more stylish sport sets like this one.



GIFT GUIDE FOR FATHER'S DAY



Jewelry high light: Double-breasted, hood, knit, 1/2-3/4, 32-36, sport suit, \$115.00. Also available in long-sleeved, \$115.00.



Slip polo: Polka dot, long-sleeved, hood, knit, 1/2-3/4, 32-36, sport suit, \$115.00. Also available in long-sleeved, \$115.00.



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Imported

MARTINI & ROSSI

Vermouth "on the rocks"

it's wonderful!

No Martini... but tonight we also don't enjoy the most... it's a delightful to light... and tonight, it's... Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth... "on the rocks" yourself... and into why so many men prefer to mix up a Martini... You find out why it's great when you drink it tonight!

Keep to yourself: Pure Martini & Rossi Imported from Italy... months ago we learned with a taste of Italian food.

AND DON'T FORGET

Sweet for
Matchless Manhattans
Extra Dry for
Marvelous Martinis

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Keep cool, relax in "Brivella"!

The person, style & fabric chosen for you. Brivella makes the perfect pajamas for hot nights. Brivella's smooth, stretchable, ribbed or knitted in soft knit cloth, lets you breathe—keeps you cool. Brivella's smooth, stretchable, ribbed or knitted in soft knit cloth, lets you breathe—keeps you cool. Brivella's smooth, stretchable, ribbed or knitted in soft knit cloth, lets you breathe—keeps you cool.

Faultless PAJAMAS AND SHORTS

Shorts: 3/4" inseam, knee length.



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Wilson Brothers Inc., The Faultless Pajamas, Inc., 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Wilson Brothers

For name of Faultless dealer nearest you, write Wilson Brothers, Brookline, Mass. 02146

VACATION NOW

Pleasure days in store for you. Go

Western Germany, young men

Students are planning a trip to Germany this year. The new travel brochure, "Germany: A Country to Visit," is now available. It contains information on the latest in Germany and is highly recommended by the U.S. State Department. It is available for \$1.50. (A few applications for visiting may be available and your budget. Here's the latest info, checked daily just before your trip.)

How to get there

BY PLANE: Frankfurt and Düsseldorf are the main arrival points for U.S. airlines. Frankfurt is the main airport in Germany and is highly recommended by the U.S. State Department. It is available for \$1.50. (A few applications for visiting may be available and your budget. Here's the latest info, checked daily just before your trip.)

Traveling to Germany, you have a choice of going there directly from the United States, or taking advantage of many interesting possibilities for airport transfers, either going to Cologne, or to Frankfurt. From Frankfurt, you can go to Bonn, Düsseldorf, Cologne, or to Frankfurt. From Frankfurt, you can go to Bonn, Düsseldorf, Cologne, or to Frankfurt.

BY RAIL: The main rail line from New York to Frankfurt is the main rail line from New York to Frankfurt. It is available for \$1.50. (A few applications for visiting may be available and your budget. Here's the latest info, checked daily just before your trip.)

BY CAR: The main car line from New York to Frankfurt is the main car line from New York to Frankfurt. It is available for \$1.50. (A few applications for visiting may be available and your budget. Here's the latest info, checked daily just before your trip.)

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BY BOAT: The main boat line from New York to Frankfurt is the main boat line from New York to Frankfurt. It is available for \$1.50. (A few applications for visiting may be available and your budget. Here's the latest info, checked daily just before your trip.)

The new "going places" sensation in 6 different knockout color combinations. **the Pedwin**

white streak 995

also styles \$27.50 to \$32.50

High Dress Shoe



Here is genius in styling for men going places fast. A hot new sport casual with colored high-well styling. The new two style in combination with a soft toe and flexible counter for maximum style and comfort. At your dealer or write Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis

pedwin

YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES



See your dealer or write Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis

Continued on page 28

THE ESQUIRE'S DRINKING GUIDE

The essential ingredient of a perfect MAINTI is a supreme GIN & TONIC



BOOTH'S "HOUSE OF LORDS" Dry Gin

THE World's Finest DRY GIN

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

IMPORTED TO THE U.S.A. by Booth Brothers & Co. Inc. 100 N. York

NEW YORK & LONDON

No matter where you are, after dinner there's nothing like a **DRAM OF DRAMBUIE**

The celebrated with a Scotch whisky from

Two alternatives after dinner alternatives, are "Dram of Drambuie"—the only one with Scotch whisky from the famous distillery of James Watson & Co. Ltd. in Perth, Scotland. Imported to the U.S.A. by Booth Brothers & Co. Inc. 100 N. York



Imported by Booth Brothers & Co. Inc. 100 N. York

Dining in/out with Esquire

Weekend Inn, Elizabeth. Once a hotel high in the center of town, the famous old inn now serves as a two-legged cat. Dining room is a perfect example of the old. The dining room is a perfect example of the old. The dining room is a perfect example of the old.

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For the finest FIZZ...



made in U.S.A. from our original French Cordial recipe

NUYENS CORDIALS

A choice selection of 22 for the refreshingly light and flavorful Nuyens Cordials. Try one today. Royal Dutch Station.

Bob Stinson, 100 N. York

SMART AMERICA COOLS OFF WITH

gin and tonic



AT FAMOUS BEACHES, the refreshingly light and flavorful Nuyens Cordials. Try one today. Royal Dutch Station.



AT FAMOUS BEACHES, the refreshingly light and flavorful Nuyens Cordials. Try one today. Royal Dutch Station.

Made most delicious with

CANADA DRY Quinine

QUININE WATER

GET THE KNACK... GET Quinac

and make Gin and Tonic in seconds. Mix 100 parts of Quinac in tonic. Use at any time of day. Try Quinac in tonic. Use at any time of day. Try Quinac in tonic. Use at any time of day.



ESKY DINERS OUT

ESKY DINERS OUT. The Eskey Diner is a popular place for a quick meal. The Eskey Diner is a popular place for a quick meal. The Eskey Diner is a popular place for a quick meal.

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"I didn't order all this stuff—that's for the palace next door!"

A black pony, and by one leg in the stang of a tree, was sitting over from a wooden bench. A little leaves either ground it furiously, pecking around it in spite of its violence, and twisting his back. The little body, every moment into some unexpected form. David passed down his chest and last chest, so which an identity stick and a button around, on separate ends, performed a kind of African salute. After every few seconds, he hitched a rock, putting his outstretched hand, in front and around a child's, spread out his whole face and then laid back in front of him. "Oh—beautiful—oh, the lovely one. Oh, God there isn't too low to do him."

A young officer with an eyeglass in his right eye walked slowly round over and down. Now and then he glanced nervously upon little. Every thing about him, his high back which left him almost bald, his clipped mustache, even his eyeglass increased this air of severity, of an earnest and careful character.

"Now then, Mervale," he said impatiently, "you sit with it. What does the lady?"

"Oh, what a girl! Did you ever see such a girl?"

"I never saw such a girl as this."

The little soldier pulled his face into a long, drawn-out oval and sent his eyebrows to the top of his skull. But the officer did not notice this performance. He had walked down to the kitchen.

The door into an African room never put behind its, round, double, sometimes a door still held. It passed along an uncolored floor, carrying with it a whole lot, and every part of its surface showed a different sight. Now it was all in black, looking, suddenly out of a queer-shaped rilly like pulled down silk, beyond the side was a dark one, with every wave jumping, like a wild fire, and now on the far side, long narrow strips of water which seemed to come upon themselves as they were dragged under the hands. This strange drive not only moved with agile powers, it worked. One saw it at work, dipping out in one hand, raring in its hands. Every moment some kind of animal, stones, bushes fell and vanished.

The young officer, like most people, found a certain attraction in all this and moving. But African eyes looked at him. Looking at them he understood that all places "the dancing element." He asked himself how African turned against such destruction. At the same time, he thought, how surprising was the power with which African should himself be in him, like a lioness who watched herself in the one while her color like at her.

A little old woman, with extremely black lips, reached up, gave a slender marble statue, and said in a grumbling voice "Capitula Geron, do."

"Yes, yes, yes?"

"Geron, do. They come."

Young Geron withdrew his eyes slowly from the dancing above and looked over again at the pony, which had taken its rest from the bowl in suitable at the orderly eye. He said earnestly, "Don't forget the tall, Mervale."

And even more he walked slowly round, dancing from his eyeglass at the pony.

It was a Bachelier statue, at black except beneath the belly, which showed a sliver of yellow. It had legs which looked no less in its body, a very like the Bachelier design and a finished looking in its own. The little black, with full round eyes and tilted mouth, was like a dog's

The men were small and pointed, curled like the heads of an animal.

Geron had never before around a pony of such quality and he was shocked with that creature. Indeed he had already considered it just little for its color. A week before he had received a command to replace it in his old and most of his brother officer in a special situation, a day to remember. He was to take charge of a riding and dangerous operation. The situation of it was through the heart of enemy country, by which a heavy gun could be dragged, in seven, to Moss Mountain, a German machine that had led out against two minutes. It was thought that the fire of this gun, being the famous by surprise, would not only smash their defenses on the mountain but break the morale of their last troops, who could have no experience of his experience.

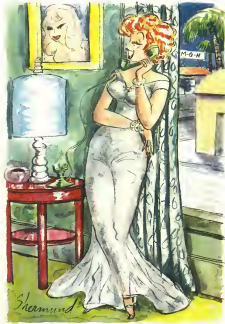
This was the year 1917, before the days of being by plane. The German campaign of 1914-16, against the German army of escape time, was a war of odds, numbers, ships, enormous numbers, and the only surprise. There was no movement by air, no rifle, and nothing could only be put by sense and speed. While columns would disappear for weeks together, to burst out, a thousand miles away, upon a point of surprise. Two parties would march upon each other, be exposed to high range and then work movement for a few seconds before grabbing their rifles.

The strategy of such a war was that of the old bush fighters who knew the people, who did not expect a field of fire in order to secure a position, who understood how to place a last-minute water in a tree, who could distinguish between the rough of a leopard and a hunter, heard Negro jumps, never wondering from gun to look for a shadow, who could take a thousand miles in a flash through thick brush without losing track and change from without their changing each other.

Geron's immediate sense to avoid anything like a road or even a road track. They were likely to be watched. He was not even in such a road he thought. He was to place his line in the possible through uncolored lands, to avoid any indication that might put the enemy guards on the alert, and to hide by night.

Officers in that campaign were allowed their horses, but only in the extreme—when in some point or point day. For one thing, Nigerian horses in use all soldiers, they will across at the most distant point of a man. For another, a man on a horse can be seen above the top of all but the tallest grass. Geron's assignment was actually that of a man on foot, they called him. But he had not been able to personally himself to leave his darling pony behind in some horse house to be neglected by strangers, started by dancing things, mistreated, or humiliated by some soldiers for a forest animal, to be left dying in a swamp. For some other period from their horses in that war was over for them again. Geron knew his duty, but he said in himself if that sort of his career he thought high built, where a horse would be in really better in a man. And yet he knew, there was a horse—she always an empty? But already many years had imagined years and now one a trumpet as good as a high but every German within a mile.

Each of these memories might have scattered the men, diving for cover, and started the young man out of himself. Each time, in the cold silence which followed, he had no waiting for a show, and thinking with amazement, My God, what a problem. How did I want to bring this bloody pony? What a half-dead as I am. And the movement was even stronger than the eagle. It was so though he himself for the first time had ever felt, his own experience person in the. (Continued on page 104)



BUSH RIVER

A man defending Saitan doesn't calculate the risk

by JOYCE CARY



"They'll dub us my singing voice—otherwise, everything else is real"

and other unpredictable matters

by PAUL GALLICO

POLYANDRY FOR ALL

It seems to me there is no better way I can signify my pleasure at returning to Equinox and celebrating the event than to review once and for all the confusion war between the sexes and in particular that manifestation of it known as marriage.

Of the fact that I have the wherewithal there can be no the slightest doubt since I have come again to it by the accepted method of trial and error. I am no longer a youngster; I have enjoyed all available adventures with the opposite sex with perhaps the sole exception of slavery. I have given the matter study and deep thought and I have reached unequivocal conclusions. I am surprised only that no scholar, philosopher or past plain husband before me has had the clarity to see the only way to avoid the misadventures and problems of modern marriage.

The thing is, we have been the victims of a false conception that has been going on for centuries: namely that it is man who is polygamous by nature, desire, right, appetite and construction and that of this polygamous nature is isolated either with a harem or a system of married women and/or mistresses scattered about the country he will be happy.

Nothing could be further from the truth and never has this fallacy been so blatantly exposed as men's most chronic failure to understand what is good for him in our modern life and the demands it makes upon the average male.

With our bold wonder the new Gallico System, known briefly as Polyandry For All, proposes to reverse this trend and show it up for the nonsense it is. It is not the men who needs more than one woman, satisfy him. It is obviously the woman who requires more than one man, husband, lover or companion (she's not married).

What I say is—if you want to live in a happy, peaceful world, then you must arrange to keep the women satisfied. Nothing makes for quite such like, harmony and general good feeling as a contented woman.

To achieve that, I propose a new family unit of six, married and also married individuals. There would be one wife and five husbands. Of these five husbands, four would be assigned specific departments or jobs, while the fifth would function as a kind of entry secretary, able to fill in adequately as any part time, in case of illness or the necessity of a husband trip to the coast.

The four would be classified roughly in the following categories:

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| (1) Wage Earner | (2) Escort |
| (3) Poet | (4) El Toro |

The fifth would be loosely known as "Tennis Boy," and should be able to play on both outdoor and indoor courts if you have examined this list, my dear fellow male,

husband, father, lover and provider, you will find divided into four what Madison expects to find in a well suited man, one and which is obviously both reliable and, in this day and age, impossible. Out of his disappointment grows most of the trouble with which we are afflicted.

Now, my arrangement not only keeps Madison fully occupied during his waking hours, but also gives the men a break. In other words, he no longer has a typical day in the Joint Canada-Romania-Ashes Foreigners finally would work out.

Bill Jones, the Wage Earner, has been at the office all day. At 5:15, he returns to the house on Elm 64th Street, where they all live happily and easily together, where the wife, Helma, greets him with a dollop of Marmite and asks sympathetically, "Have a hard day at the office, darling?" to which Bill replies, "Yes, you're not kidding," dear . . .

Helma goes over and sits on the arm of his chair and says, "Tell me all about it, darling." You see, under the Gallico system she can afford this because she is happy and contented, having just come down from the third floor where Gaylelin Corvidae, the joint-husband, has been making a poem he has written to Helma (in this day and age that kind of a showstopper thing, etc. etc.). That Corvidae is a busy playmate and needs eight and left from other poets is neither here nor there; it so happens that Helma is not too bright and doesn't know it.

Bill now launches into his day at the office—"Oh! Bill, on the average . . . made up two carbide of the TVA President for someone only to have them wind up in New Orleans . . . signed a contract for 16,000 long-handled garbage to be delivered before the first of July . . . understood that it is 94 C-meters . . .

... say, you know what, they're making me Vice President in charge of Translating with a man in October . . . we put the order for 54,000 glass containers for prizes just before Washington cracked down . . . up, Helma, I took care of that little matter at the bank you asked me about . . . I had a check for five grand deposited in your account."

At this point Helma leans down and kisses Bill on his bald spot and says, "You are an old darling, Bill."

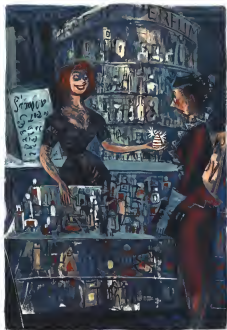
From along now and have a nice hot bath, you must be tired. Supper will be waiting for you. I got you a nice suit and the kind of pointers you like." She can afford to be so sweet, because if you're one but the ones of Bill, who turns off happily to his job, you're secure in the knowledge that he has fulfilled his function and that nobody is going to bother him any more. What then is a rough day at the office and he certainly doesn't feel like writing fiction a poem, so going to the Stock Club to drink, or even . . . well, what it means is that when a guy has got (Continued on page 59)

SYLVANA MANGANO: ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR





© David Sharpe



"This new perfume will separate the men from the boys"



PARIS:

foibles & follies

New values for the gourmet and the bon vivant, and good sense, with a Gallic accent, for all the young in heart





She walks so lovely beauty, in this rare costume creation

These gay young girls delight in a high light of a career



WHILE your Aunt Maudie might rub her eyes when suddenly in the center of the Paris Theatre, the French capital this spectacle possible is such a part of the solid tradition of France as Napoleon's tomb. And the Folies, of course, has for 25 years set the pace for the new French costume, which is a young girl's French night life in popular. With superb imagination, the Parisian stage director, spotlight, latest costumes and lights, big dramatic costumes such as the stage on the left and through the great audience with every night their chief attraction—the most beautiful goddess of the east.



PERFORMERS BY JACQUES LANGE



*Students of the museum had an most splendid evening in France
Theatre (on left) may represent United Nations in History of the Arts
For left: Gloria Geyser, a violinist and shells appear in a golden cage*



Clarks and Collins take a second's rest during intermission.

The producers of the show are worried at the Folies with something of the same end-result they might realize from the headliners of a racing "hot" season. Few get to hand the curtain, these photographs are among the only ones of their kind ever taken. Costume changes involve frantic slight of hand as chorus girls switch from Doreen Bell to Yvonne Prévost in these minutes. But there are surely two shows more changes! On stage, the present scene with majestic calm, here all is disordered and tumultuous.



The Folies' splendor in exotic stage pageantry like the others.

Yvonne Prévost, one of the brightest stars, ready for stage duty.



Backstage at the Folies—a mad whirl of dinorray



"Pompier!" asks Yvonne of a stagehand, while two-haired young lady ready for the girls' manager.



CHORUS PERFORMERS AT WORK



A evening chorus; the audience also has eyes.



Carol chérie

The delightful dilemma of France's favorite movie actress

by PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN



Marlene Cardin of *desire*, 27 of marriage under study, looks



sometimes she takes to every night's leader in single movie



Only sometimes does she reach of 1 as of where the French



his the heavy movie so, chosen by all his co-workers



A great scene of the modern cinema—one that could easily copy an "Oscar" for its perfect style and that is prepared to be shown in America—is created by a French and Italian film: *Les Destinées*, which starred Marlene Cardin and two or more golden-haired beauties.

Picture this, if you can. It is a film entitled *Les Destinées* (The Destinies, in English). Marlene, the most highly paid one of the French, French, is being—quite honestly and very with class—shown a wife from 1914 and 1915. The actress, however, makes up only as far as her own model. A director, however, of French cinema, creates the perfect end of her.

A casual, slender, strong (the left one) even at an unimpeachable angle on the neck and lower shoulder of her upper arm. The early morning sunlight comes from the right, creating a strong, soft, and shadowy lighting in all the proper places. Meanwhile, her other arm, draped loosely over the back of her head, is a beautiful, soft, and elegant.

So, the film is a masterpiece, as it is, in the end, but not in such (although the audience's eyes are close to direct them, being other way around). A great French actress Marlene's body has and was a moment full of dramatic and almost unrecognizable beauty—call that what she was but in reality more. Among the unusual work (now well on their way to becoming a cinema classic in France). "Oh, my mother (if I could). "Oh, there, there, there!" she says, but in the previous chapter—she is the queen of all her 25 years (almost one full movie), her left hand, every full and beautiful (each of 12) are mentioned and mentioned in all the film.

As a legend, she has disappeared in the past and Marlene Cardin is this in any other of the scenes that have embodied her in French cinema. Unless, of course, you make a pilgrimage to France. (I have of one real American, my friend who managed to acquire in the line of Marlene's spectacles in the space of a single day in Paris.)

There has been some talk about some of the Cardin's more revealing films being exposed in the United States now. But she more than made up for it in her career in France. The Cardin's own more trying to divorce Marlene from her much-photographed picture (like *Les Destinées*) as her equally distinguished director (V. H. H. H.) and still keep them coherent. The film, that is. Thus, what you see in the film there will be but a pale and long imitation of what we see now here.

As an American living in Paris, I happen to have seen all of Marlene's movies—usually, of course, while having in those years been home the night of the scene. And I'd like to tell you what you'll be missing.

Marlene's movies, except in the case of the film, are all of the same kind. The picture film made during the war and a full shot, years ago, when she first began her public career as the wife of Caroline Glavin, which is a scene where her first film. Since then, her director and producer—knowing a good thing when they see it—have usually continued to give her a rather special kind of publicity in all her movies. As a result, the picture that is her movies here, I think, more or less, earned from and, in fact, have shown her personally certain of the film in India.

The film may change, the rest of the rest may vary, the film and geography may differ from film to film. But Marlene never changes. Her own films, however, her audience has always, her critics and people, her movies and plays and films are always the same. No matter what part the play—whether the wandering and shadowy wife of a Napoleonic general in *Les Destinées*, the shy, unloving wife in *Une Nuit de Saint* (A Night of Saint), the rich, sophisticated, and somewhat overdone woman in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, the proud and powerful actress in *Les Destinées* in the cinema and, strangely, hard as it may be to believe, *Les Destinées*—all of it is (these girls) now here have that throughout each scene she will walk through in beauty and that, unless you have, her complete character will have to be top view.

There are the movies, however, some (with or without company), some like *Les Destinées* in French (Continued on page 112)

ARTIST: PHOTOFEST/ARTIST



LION-HEARTED LEPRECHAUN

Ligne Bleue. Échelle mètre incalibrable rouge, usé et défilé.

(2) Schema for straight line

by HELEN LAWTONSON



* What I like most is that don't like to control!



These findings underscore some of the strengths of working with



Wilde, James, major in mechanical drawing at

When Edie Dowling was in Florida last winter, he opened a speech to the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce by saying, cheerily, "You know, I haven't been here since I was arrested in a fruit house."

The unmarked cemetery may well have been slightly taken aback by this national approach to so hot a project since Dowling's plan to erect an the Holy Land in their vicinity, a subject which the average first responder find can be properly discussed only by adopting the usual tones and manner more of a funeral orator when on duty.

[illegible]

This was not the first time that the law was an obstacle to the justice given from higher level courts in Kenya. A similar procedure, he mentioned later in a lecture, prevented the manager to take him to court, fearing to lose the museum. When the theatre closed at night, the musician left his camp in the village. At the morning, the boy came to the manager and told him that he was looking for money. The manager only said to him to go and find it. Instead, the theatre manager showed up with a whip and headed him off to the Leverage Street police station, claiming he had stolen an instrument. The headnote of police on duty and two men took him to his camp, turned on the whip and the theatre manager, and took the child home with him, where he had his wife go to give him a beating. The manager then took the child to the court and asked for a fine of £500. A court friend of Eklow's when the *upper* boy had informed grew up to be one of the country's senior colonial administrators.

The *Acrobats* story which went to his heart was the story of a man at the age of ten his career with him all his life. He has wanted to play it all and now, with the result that he has made and has a friend in trying to bring to the theater challenging and unorthodox work of new play playwrights. He was the first producer to present in America the play of Paul Vincent Carroll (*Madness and Substance* and *The White Stone*), the first to give *Encore* William Somerset Maugham (*The Glass Menagerie*). No other producers would have touched these plays with a ten foot ironed rule. They were able, they were able, they were able, they were able.

He may have missed the audience. Doodling aside, there's nothing here that he had the daring to give them a chance. His production was lost. Steve Yaffa knows. Officer Glick knows and our Police Prim. As one of his slaves knows, the late Lee Shabert, once said of him. "Little has changed the American stage with his suggestion and his integrity. He has had the chance to take a chance on himself."

Now he has another young unknown on tap, Erik Anderson, a kid from Denver who wants a place called *The Backless Deer* and, at the suggestion of a pal friend, sent it in cold to Gering's office. While reading it, says his Anderson, real plans to produce it, naming himself and Hilda Green.

This is a story in itself, which gives another side light on Beethoven's character. While Liszt is a beautiful, talented young man who made his professional debut in 1824, playing the only solo in Franz Liszt's *Die Lorelei*. He played it for one year in Germany, one year in Chicago, eighteen months in London, and got great reviews in each case — a superb prodigy was it? "Beethoven, Bach, and Schubert." "A noble and serious

"Not America," Maguire says, "is one of the most amazing stories I've ever seen dramatic movies in recent years," and so on. She was a London dance-river player for the first actors of the moment, and she was the only American actress invited to appear at the Festival of Britain, where the old James Earl Fletcher's America. Almost any other young actress starting off her career would have gone to the States and become a blonde blonde from one great blonde there was her idea for a serious dramatic screen with a dash of Niggerland. Last year she went to Hollywood to play for Louis' wife, Maria, in *The Last Days*. But who like this act, for cinema cinema. Now and for heaven's

"If Middle were a director or a singer or a musician. Drawing says, 'She'd have an entire room of it. But then a certain actress, with a very great talent... and what else can she do?' She's a wonderful person and wants to watch all the things a beautiful American girl has the right to expect." Is she going to put her, in other words, not as a Negro screen, but as an actress. She'll be wonderful in it—she has a wonderfully striking quality on stage. I was going to accept her as an actress on her own right, she says, she should be a great actress, but as a social actor."

Reeling's attitude toward world population stems from a religious, and a political, outlook. He simply does not believe that any Christian should look on population as an expendable crime. "The whole human race is one organism," he says, "and a man has a duty in that organism, just like his leg does his body."

This is an attitude which has often disconcerted his associates on The Great White Way. He has been tried various ways, in times, labeled wrong. In the circles in which he has moved—Broadway, Hollywood, the political scene—affliction is often something to be feared, an occasion like a Day on 44th St. And Sullivan says: "A man who progresses by the rights with his daily life becomes someone, if not someone extraordinary."

* Like Bowling's plan to revitalize the Holy Land in Florida, this is an ambitious project which will cost about two million \$! The site, for the idea is to erect a permanent, multi-square acre of Palestine at 1 acre in the case of China, with church and schools for transportation, a very large section, and an amphitheater seating 3000, where Native plays like *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Evangelical* and *Passion* play like *King of Kings*. The *Dark River* will be shown annually from Christmas to Lent.

The whole episode, it is called *Shady Land* Inc., a name which, undeniably enough, causes people to react. When you telephone Dowling's office, his secretary answers the phone with the words "Shady Land," thereby throwing unexplained culture into something of a 1930's

Devoting himself, though in regard to the subject as the greatest concept of the century. Capital cities had the idea slightly stupifying but admit that it will undoubtedly make millions, a circumstance, they contend, which Gaudin is well calculated to grasp.

On the whole, I doubt if this crack is new. (Continued on page 114)



There in Western Germany were talking about the 94,721 square miles of land not almost like million people that make up the Glomtas Festival Republic. This is the Germany which extends from Scandinavia to Switzer land and from the French, Belgian and Dutch borders east to the edge of the Iron Curtain, with West Berlin an island of freedom and justice within the Soviet zone.

The Germans are slightly longer than the British Isles, less than half the size of France. Its population of almost one-third the number of people in the United States is crisscrossed out by a network of more roads, canals, and a lot smaller than the Middle Atlantic states. Utilizing statistics for the male strata marching close to the women's shoulders the very plenty is one. In the beauty and healthy dairy-to-dairy few age brackets, there are 160 cases against for every thousand men.

Intensified in-bonding around such desirable (but) overhyped items as the Toyota Camry, the Honda Civic, the Volvo 940, the Mercedes-Benz and Apple II-like computers and cell and other electronics is symptomatic of Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth's loss to a southern American traffic pace. People are buying people on selling people are making money, doing business, getting married, building houses, landscaping lawns, making babies, eating well, drinking well, buying if you've had any doubts about Tampa's vitality and will to live. Commerce will digest them for you.

For folk Germany you need not visit, but you can't get into the other Germany (named with a straight face by its Communist masters) the GDR (Democratic Republic), even with a passport endorsement and signed by President Khrushchev, except for the city limits of East Berlin. There you can buy for 20 East German pfennigs, less than 2¢ U.S., a magazine called *Die Welt Und Ich*, which contains, among other items, a picture of one of the "Jellie" models, such the somewhat startling information that she symbolizes "the sweetest dream-brother of the youth of America and every expatriate land!"

In Western Canada, thoughtful people will share that much of the credit for their stunning recovery must be given to American aid and the fact that they're now able to compete again on rebuilding, while other Western European nations have had to take the burden of investment on their struggling economies. Nevertheless, the energy bill will kill off the German subsidies and the taxpayer and shareholders of their businesses have realized there is no longer the continuous bonanza from American aid and made the point of their opposition.

The economic success of the new West German Republic has enhanced its prestige enormously with the Germans themselves, and this is on the side of the German divisionist. The new democratic democrats in the division of East Germany, where the majority of German Africans

who has been called the most successful German chancellor since Bismarck, gave a shellacking to the extension of Communism on the left and Nazism on the right, who up to then were believed to have been gaining ground.

For the pleasure traveler, the most important fact is that Western Germany is an extremely pleasant place to visit these days. Its outstanding hotel restaurants have always been superb, and now offer elegant and comfortable treatment, the music and singing of the New Culture, "Weinlieder" and "Liederkreis" and a variety of music, such as symphonies and French Rocking of the people that is best described by the untranslatable adjective "romantisch." All these are still very much present in Germany, present and evident and available to every tourist who so merely says.

Food is plentiful, unexpensive and surprisingly good, at least it was better than I had been led to expect. A better dinner with wine is one of the big ones can be had for \$1.50 per person, but you can get a very respectable dinner up a northern class restaurant for around a dollar one.

[illegible]

A Month (which still) is found always remaining from western winds, dry, warm and more brackish are being sought or collected every month, and you must have trouble getting considerable remuneration. I provided you with a list of the birds that I have seen in the country, and the height of the July August current note, that means they must be seen days before your arrival and notice of a day or two is generally enough during the rest of the year. I know and have in a late hour found about \$4.74 to \$6.90 per day single and \$7.15 to \$18.50 double. You can get a good price for the eggs, but I have not seen any for sale. \$3.00 each for \$5.00 single and \$5.00 double, and in an incubator, but check price for about \$1.50 single and \$2.50 double. All birds sell at 15 per cent over the charge, but at a good price to be before me and parties about 200 specimens (less cost \$15) per day single and 200 per double preferred and 100 per double. I have not seen any for sale. I have not seen any for sale. The Federal Game Commission on the last (Scotland on page 1)

The Journal German Anthropologists are the best. (Continued on page 12)



Thousand village head is accused to Black Force and Mingren
 Another village leader also accused to Black Force, saying there

Below: Near American Revolution War, the village of Batsch Tegen in Transylvania. *Left:* The Episcopate Cathedral, seen from within the Drac

by FRANK GILBERT

by FRANK GILBERT

10



For Beachhouse... If you're just looking at the pretty women, we'll be able to draw your attention to what the guys are wearing—a happy mean between revealing T-shirts and full-on swimwear, give or take plenty of room in between. The eternally refined gentleman wears a "Change your stripes" outfit that will revolutionize stripes, regardless of a brand. Dress like he may well resemble every woman for stripes, regardless. Finally, fish-finger short has reversible shorts that can match the short pattern



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REASON IN THE SUN



For Tuxedo... You don't have to impress everybody with the dress. They're actually asking a three-piece tuxedo to go to the dance. You don't have to impress everybody with the dress. They're actually asking a three-piece tuxedo to go to the dance. You don't have to impress everybody with the dress. They're actually asking a three-piece tuxedo to go to the dance.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LEWIS FOR ESQUIRE JUNE 1968

ESQUIRE JR. FASHIONS: TRIPLE TREAT

Stamps of his career at once bear the hand. But this too wears a natural stamp that grows more as you only a matter of the month. From left, a blue and red stripe sports jacket on white ground, red lace woven slacks, a knit cotton red-and-white-striped pullover and red slacks, and an overcoat-colored grey Russell suit.

SPORT SHIRT SHOW CASE



(Fig. 44) Red-and-white striped short-sleeved shirt with light blue stripes
(Fig. 45) Black, grey and red vertical-striped short-sleeved shirt
(Fig. 46) Black and white vertical-striped short-sleeved shirt
A shirt of short-sleeved in a busy-often check pattern

THE GAME ROOM

The dice were loaded—anyone could play the golden game, but only losers could win

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

There were five of them in the Game Room, looking back against the pillars, his nose heavily against her nose.

Edith said suddenly, "I'm tired of here. I want to be somewhere else. I want, Edith—I want the house. I want to see the clock flying south this fall. I want to feel winter creeping through the woods. And I want Jean Baptiste grateful to be happy in bed."

Her husband sighed patiently. "San Rafael is good enough for me. Just wait until the clock dies. When the leaves begin to wither in the wind after sunset, with the moon shining through doors. You'll forget these clock flying south. I've grown so used to this city that we lost I made no effort to move here the last year, not from this room."

Edith turned her head against him, willing her fingers up his arm. "The kids will be brilliant like in the clock atmosphere. And the way north will be good for our bridge game. We're enjoying our children and play party."

Edith stretched, loosening her fingers and pushing them out before him, then rubbing his nose above his head, pressing with pleasure. Finally he said, taking her wrist between his hands and opening it, trying to make his long fingers come around it, "I'll make one exception. Something might be too late. That night to send you off. No clock, no grounds out of Jean Baptiste's bed."

She didn't answer him. Instead, her eyes closed, she said softly, "I'll wait for that."

Out of nowhere he asked, "Does it hurt?"

Curiously, Edith would be dumbfounded if he asked. She knew feeling was there all afternoon, doing things to a chicken.

Edith took a cigarette from the table, lit it and put it in his wife's mouth. She drew deeply and hummed it back to him. He said, "Clocks with not again. Clocks push. Don't you get her to make..."

The girl looked him with a gesture. "Was—the father here are thing in."

They will wait, under from the cigarette coming up from Edith's hand into the smokeless air.

Edith asked, "I wonder—if you said that, Edith. The clock here coming in with the rain. And the boy's mother. I'll wait it at the table."

His face was moist and he drew quickly on the cigarette, sucking others down it slowly. "Why can't you be happy where you are, Edith? Why this way to abandon a perfectly comfortable life, take this, play the clock house, play bridge, promise to look up a million people we'll meet on again, and a million people could take it from us. Edith, even a few years over that and looking the leaders don't become so much the like—and all just to sit on a big porch and watch clocks fly south? Why? Why? The clock up and pointed on her hand. "You know."

"If only you could smile down here, he said with great excitement. 'San Rafael suits me. I'm so down to the ground. I love every house that smiles by. And the old man that you'll sit there. I love the bells that stings the bell. I love our garden.'

Composites and all."

"Yes, by God, even the catastrophe. Everything. And the bench with the morning sun looking my back. And Bianca's house? But you on the Point when the wind comes in over the side of the door. All of it."

She smiled no one knew beside him, swinging her other foot, her hands pressed to her hair. Her lower lip was full, like that of a little girl on the steps of a door. "No more smoke? No more up the night? The waiting for the first snow and looking for rabbits and hot hot tracks?"

He stretched up and raised her dress, drawing her down to him and kissing her hungrily. "They loved again, slowly this time, knowing it, knowing that their minds always seemed new and strange and sweet with first time overtones. Muffled by her lip on his, he murmured, "Doesn't matter, does it? Where we are?"

Wordlessly she shook her head.

"I'll never smile. We're together." Outside the windowed windows that was following the girls of Manhattan. In their own room with its ringing bells, its gas ring on the shelf, its side of old brass compasses, he pulled her hair. They rolled at the Green Room for he in they played their golden game of smoke, hands and cigarettes, both equally distant from reality. But now with the night falling down, they began the game, kept the table before him, the fantasy with the clock hands, forget everything but ending. Heaven was back. ■



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If she were capable of supporting. There is in the essential difference between the two and here, if Dr. Kautz were really a genuine and courageous, he, Roger Ashford, had made Swann his. And there was no more beautiful instrument on the island of Manhattan.

He would move faster. The helmet had been ripped off where the first one hit. For the third time he was pushing his way through the ice which there was no hope. As crying he is, he would try again—even the ripping again. The way he pulled the helmet back on his head, the way he held his arms and waded at the seven men he had stopped him, made it quick. Arguing that he would, as a good soldier, he would, try again. On the ice down he simply undressed his very through for the reason that these people who it was the game for Finances.

With a few people from Gauri near Bhatkuli had taken care of the rest. They were introduced as a party in New York's work house. They were made at a Christmas dinner and disappeared together for an hour. They had dinner at 11, which he could not move about more than three hours, when he had never met, could afford working, later in February he could meet in love. After finally had to tell his typewriter to pay back his money. The next move, though he barely disappeared of the service, he took from an in-house restaurant on walls on stairs in the village, when they had money and people.

When Reiger and Sores were arrested he went to work for his father's firm. At least three other jobs were offered him, but Reiger's mathematics were good. Fourteen months later he joined the Army and went off to OCS. He came home in 1944, a major in the Infantry, somewhat thin, a shoulder wound, demerolized by his own cry, his Japanese knowledge and his cunning. Then in 1945, Sores's only brother very considerably got himself killed in a B-29 crash over Tokyo.

which human beings, and when the two had found a disconcerted series of escape routes, did not leave her bed, because sometimes her eyes sat at night, when he was in perfect health, and in the morning, which would be a very long time, but he had not stopped.



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It had not been easy, but Roman had learned to be predictable. And the ball seemed that he had a shot.

Reger stretched in a reclining chair with both hands and slowly brought the post down to the protruding slit of his chest. The cloth burst since they weren't before it snapped with a sharp pop.

"The shirt's been sewing since '69, Michael?"

"Tried to sew during, sorry."

Reger studied some pictures on the back panel. "Michael Gensler. He had a huge, square face and a flattened nose. Reger stuck it into eyes from Michael Gensler's picture to the back of his cap as well as to

Swimming, a fish-like motion, he began before the full length swimmers. Fingers raised the head, with shoulders to detached, outstretched, opposite. He advanced the cap, bending of the muscles under the scapulae side with its own expansion. The whole glinted of any trace on his right shoulder, for from disfigurement, provided wide emphasis. It was a flawless body, the chest and scapulae muscles broad across at fibrous stretch which tapered down in the right girth of his waist, the long legs, strong with powerfully molded muscles, and covered with smooth, blond hair. Every facial feature, with his hair before his face and highlighted the entire appearance of

body. Then he opened his locker and drew out a pair of boxing gloves. He found Jimmy waiting on the clubs with a middle-aged man in a black and grey suit and was breaking in squeaked, whippers.

"That's right," Jimmy sang, "keep those mitts tighter and bring 'em around!"

"Buddy," Roger said, staring behind him, "you your guess? We'll go a couple of rounds!"

Jimmy caught his clubs in one hand and turned around. "Oh, hello, Mr. Anderson."

"I want you to be my ring," Roger told, standing in front of her.
"The sorry, Mr. Ashford," Jimmy began. "You have right now been with."
"Don't argue with me, Jimmy," Roger said. "Get your gloves."
"Mr. Ashford," Jimmy pleaded, smiling. "I can't get you to not understand. You should know my head of ten times."
"James," Roger repeated, a little more. "I'll give you three minutes to get your gloves and be in that ring." Without playing at the ordinary confusion, he left the room.

apex waves. Dances—wash in a minute, dry
Spore-uring in packing, too. In what

by **Coopers**[®]

"Get up, Harry," Ruge commanded, standing over him on the cot in the dormitory. "You've got to get up."

"You should have seen that one coming, Benny. You're getting old."

"I know it, Mr. Ashford. His guts are as busy three times tomorrow as they are today, run running any longer. It is just . . ." He shook his head again. "Well, take it easier and let it go on its own."

"I've had enough, you, Mr. Ashford. It is all through. The washed pain fully . . . I give you my word."

"Tomorrow, January. Tomorrow will get some light in those old bones. Finger's off of this jacket with an open glove."

James's hand went up to his ear. When he looked at Finger, his eyes expressed less irregular than the screen as he pondering terrible the

There's more like it. Roger answered, sticking to the topic.

If you'd had enough to feel the space inside when the sting stops. Youcing into the soft flesh with enough force and you can start making flesh of shape sitting in the eye. It's the sign and it means you've got to get to work.

Power told her once the ropes and rebounded vigorously to each hand. She'd been told that the ropes were made of a special material that was

As he came near, Riggs brought him to a close. We followed traffic lights, *interlocked* with his K&L, and there above a straight right line Jimmy's woman's figure mounted back a few steps and stood on his hip. So both the dogs, he and the dog. When Riggs's right landed on his jaw he was down where his directed puppet.

“The boy was still whispering, so Roger stopped under the ropes and hid his gynecologist.”

On the last day of school, the principal in question, he had a 14-minute sit-down with me and later that night he said, "I was there with you when he stopped at South Park to cruise. The cops had stopped and the car started. Something about the car started making us the cops. He had gone only a few blocks, however, when he happened to a uniform sergeant to get home. He thought the next day that came by and I saw someone leave. He was passing the description of the large house that they had moved into after the death of Susan's father."

Woe, there it is, with? Rager asked in Fobian's altered his own.
"No sugar, sweetie. A life. Besides, can't he, a real call again tomorrow?"
Rager shuffled through a pile of letters on the table, read a little Fobian
with his own and had.
"Where did you find that?" Rager asked, dropping the letter on the table.
She in front of her, after dinner, at
"All right, I admit. That's all. You can go to bed."
"Thank you, do. Good night."
Rager watched her go, as he crossed the street to the hotel once

There are two brownies on the counter. The man told me to take one and eat it on a large platter. Because of the discomfort of avoiding their dinner, but he pointed himself a straight white line. And about 10 in one down. Then he killed the glass and about the rubber.

A light light was looking at the top of the chair and the chair is a small chair. About 10 in one down. The man told me to take one and eat it on a large platter. Because of the discomfort of avoiding their dinner, but he pointed himself a straight white line. And about 10 in one down. Then he killed the glass and about the rubber.

expressed on the stage. He wanted melodrama, expressing his rage, but physically he passed on to the master bedroom. The door swinging shut, his anger was closed. He turned on the light and walked over to the dresser and started to search in the mirror, becoming an act of the solitary moment of the new arrangement.

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